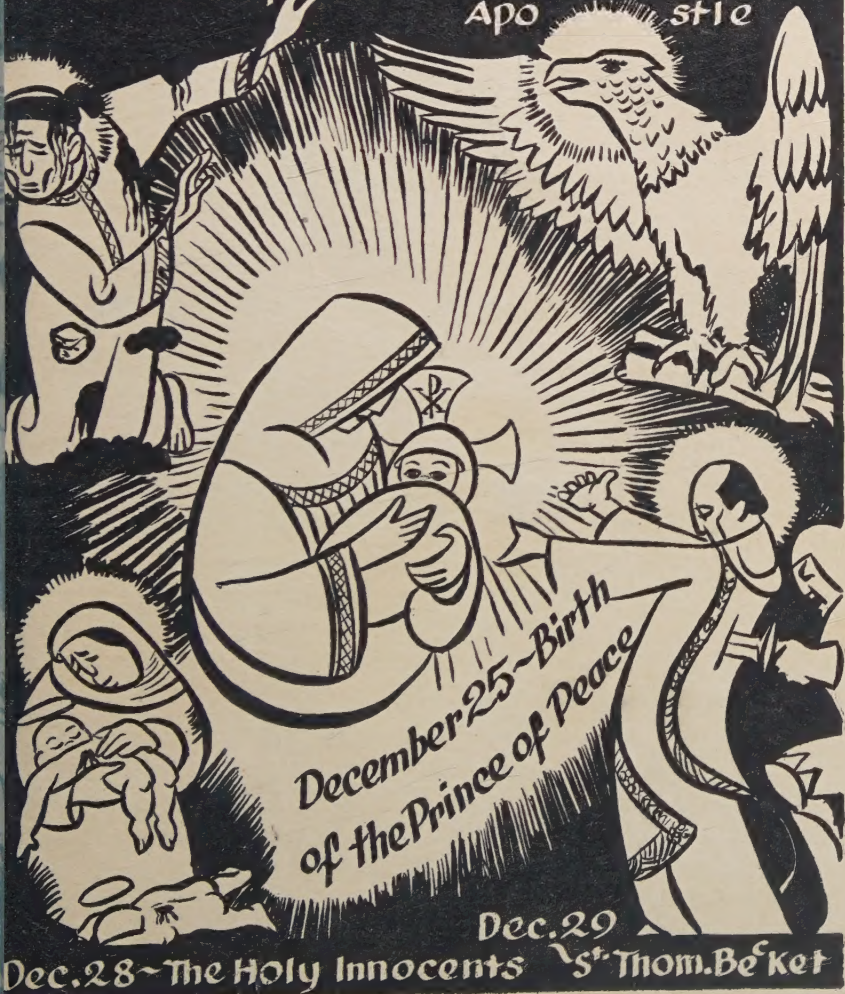


# INTEGRITY

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December, 1948

Vol. 3, No. 3

Subject ~ Peace

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**INTEGRITY** is published by lay Catholics and dedicated to the task of discovering the new synthesis of RELIGION and LIFE for our times.

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## EDITORIAL



ORDER is the word which gives a clue to the nature of peace. Not quiet, but order. It can be awfully quiet without there being any peace, as married people know who have gone through periods of rancorous non-speaking, or as soldiers know from the terrible silence which precedes attack, or as we are now experiencing internationally in this interval between armed conflicts on the western front. No, it is not quiet but order which characterizes peace, *the tranquillity of order*, as Saint Augustine puts it. This is as true of society as it is of each one of us. There is a certain minimum hierarchical ordering of things without which there can be no peace either in men's hearts or in the world.

We know the order each of us must obtain to have interior peace. Our minds and wills must be subject to God, and our passions subject to reason. With this right ordering we shall have peace, more and more of it as we progress toward sanctity. Now there is a corresponding true harmony of institutions in society without which there cannot possibly be peace. Therefore, the best way to learn whether or not we shall have peace in our time is to see if there is any hope of obtaining this hierarchical order.

At the top there must be an international body of statesmen, with authority, and this body must look to God for the basis of its laws and openly acknowledge that Christ is the King of the temporal order. Well, the United Nations is struggling to be an international governing body but it is powerless to effect a true order without subjecting itself to Christ—a very remote possibility, seemingly, except that we live in an age of rapid change, with the battle more clearly drawn every day between those who are for God and those are against God. Below the international level there must be states which recognize a higher authority, and this at least seems to be happening. Nationalism, which regards the state as absolute, although still spreading its poison, is pretty much spent. Men are beginning to give superior allegiance beyond their own borders, whether to Rome or Moscow.

Within states there is chaos, much like that disorder which exists in a man who has developed no virtuous habits and whose passions pull him here and there at will. The family, which is

the basic institution, is tottering. Marriages can be unhappy without jeopardizing domestic and world peace (although they would strain it), but when they lose their fruitfulness and permanence the peace of the world rocks. No one who believes in divorce or birth control ought to talk piously of world peace.

Then there are a multitude of functional organizations necessary within the state, and conspicuous in our country by their absence. Western society had a functional, organic, hierarchical order under Christendom. Progressively during the last several hundred years the functional order has been broken up until we had the almost complete atomization of society which we know as individualism. This, too, has passed. Everywhere men are grouping themselves again, struggling toward an order. The question is no longer, will men stand alone or unite with their fellows? The question is, will men be united by a common greed in a system which can only have the Devil at its head, or will their unity be an overflow of the supernatural life they share? So far our official organizations, like trade unions, social and pressure groups, have been formed apart from Christ, even if not explicitly against Him. But there is another set of groupings going on under the general head of the lay apostolate, explicitly rooted in Christian unity and dedicated to the realization of Christ's kingship in the temporal order. Here is the real hope of a Christian order, and consequently of exterior peace for the modern world. A group of families united in a Catholic Action cell, or a handful of dedicated lay people putting out a magazine or realizing interracial friendship in their daily lives, or trying to Christianize the people in their office or factory, are pitifully small efforts, but beginning infinitely more significant than a million letters written to congressmen, ten thousand dollars raised for this or that, and an association of war veterans or fur manufacturers; for the lay apostolate is the mustard seed of the new social order over which Christ will reign.

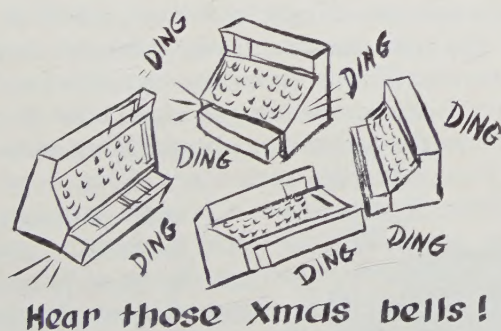
The imminence of armed conflict on a global scale again cuts obliquely across the main problem, which is that of building up the new order. It is important to remember that, as we so often think of peace only as the absence of armed conflict. As a proper ordering of society produces a state of peace, so our present chaos inevitably is accompanied by violent warfare. Any day now the young men amongst us may be faced with an awful moral decision in which the Devil's cards seem to be stacked on both sides. We have included two articles in this issue relevant to the moral problems of modern warfare, approaching the dilemma from either



rection. They are not meant to treat of the problem exhaustively conclusively.

But war with Russia has not yet been declared, and that means that we still have time to slip between the horns of the dilemma. There are two ways out, and both of them amount to the same thing: a wholehearted conversion of our lives and hearts to God. For some, especially the young, it means the lay apostolate, with all the vigor and sacrifice of a military campaign. For all it means prayer and penance, that God will hold back the forces of war until there is time to establish the new order. It is certainly more likely that the present interlude continues by virtue of the prayers and penances of only God-knows-what Trappist monks or Carmelite nuns or factory workers or mothers of families, than because of all the irreligious deliberations of the United Nations legates. May the Prince of Peace this Christmas turn the tide of secularism and give speed and joy and peace to all His apostles.

THE EDITORS





The author of *Peace of Mind* is dead. In a short career he fulfilled a long time; and the most talked-of rabbi of our era went to face his Judge at the early age of forty-one. Joshua Loth Liebman was a serious man and a sincere lover of humanity. In this respect he was very much like his master, Sigmund Freud. But neither serious-

ness nor sincerity prevents a man from making mistakes; and I fear that Liebman shared a good many of Freud's illusions. At any rate, what I have to say here is concerned mainly with a movement that is larger than any individual man; and *Peace of Mind* is as apt an occasion as any for showing the cracks and seams in the psychoanalytic system. Millions of Christians have found comfort in this book. Even a fair share of Catholics, a few within my acquaintance, got some good out of it. All of which proves that the Lord takes care of His own, especially when they are in danger of being sold down the river.

Think, for a moment, of this strange paradox: that a book which is meant to restore peace and order to souls seething with revolts and repressions—a book, moreover, which is aimed at a world that is Christian enough to recognize the modern failure of the Sermon on the Mount—*does not once mention the name of Jesus Christ* until almost the last page, and then in an off-stage whisper that links the son of Joseph and Mary with other great "saints" who have influenced their times. This, mind you, is the same Jesus Christ Whom devout Christians worship as the Son of God, Whose advent into the world marked the beginning of a new cycle in history and halted the course of human events in order to take it up again in the stream of a new destiny.

## The Freudian Mysticism

The dilemma of what I shall call the theology of the Freudian system is simple enough for the Christian: either this business that we call "religion" is a purely natural affair; or "soul healing," in the Freudian sense, is supernatural. At bottom it is the old battle of matter against spirit, of darkness against the light. The dilemma was resolved centuries ago when it was said: "He who is not with Me is against Me." Either Christ and a religion of the

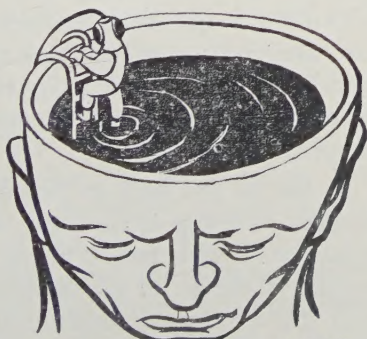


**MIND** spirit, or Freud and a religion of the flesh. I am speaking of Freud, of course, as the father of a new faith, not as a fact-finder and the founder of a new science. It is unfortunate that he did not stick to his last as a clinician and a pioneer investigator of man's mental quirks. In fact, I know of no one who did more harm to the claims of psychoanalysis, as a therapeutic method, than Freud himself. And men like Rabbi Liebman do not help the cause when they picture the hard-working Viennese physician as the prophet of a New Dispensation.

Do not misunderstand me. Freud's work stands. So does that of the men who discovered insulin and penicillin and the vitamin family. What all these great benefactors of humanity thought about their finds really makes no difference. The public value of their finds in no way depends on their private opinions. What Freud was investigating was a natural phenomenon. What he found out was a natural truth. The approach that he used was a natural method. Why a cult should be made out of the worst elements of his non-scientific theorizing is beyond all comprehension—unless the idea was to supplant the supernatural with the natural. And this, I have no doubt, is the goal of the Freudians. They are doing for the individual what the Marxians are trying to do for the community. And their gods are the graven images of creatures, against which we are warned in the very first commandment. Or should I say that is really one and the same god, wearing a double mask: on one side, a caricature of the spirit of man; on the other, a false image of his society. In any case, when people go this far with their golden calves, it is time for a sign from heaven, as of old. "And the Lord was awakened, like one out of slumber, and like a giant who has been surfeited with wine. And He smote his enemies on the hinder parts: and He put them to an everlasting reproach."

### **Pain and Sin**

Let us go back. After all, if the problem is one of peace of mind, it must have its roots somewhere in the history of human nature. Freud himself went back, whether he realized it or not—back to the Garden of Eden and the state of our first parents before the fall. Because, if you want the perfect model of a mind at peace, you must search for it in



**PSYCHOANALYSIS**

Adam before he sinned. It can all be summed up in one word: *grace*. Now, notice this simple fact: grace does not necessarily exclude suffering but it does exclude sin. This is a point of the highest importance; and it strikes at the heart of the problem of peace. For, obviously, peace of soul can exist only when the soul is rightly ordered to its Maker. Suffering, far from excluding true peace of soul, actually can be a sign from heaven that we are on the way to salvation. Now this sort of thing is beyond the understanding of the modern Freudian; and any theology that he attempts to formulate from the findings of his science is bound to be primitive and pagan. Here let me say again what I said at the start: Sigmund Freud probably was a sincere man. He saw misery in the world and he tried to lessen it. He saw unhappiness and he tried to cast it out. But he was struggling with a *tour de force* when he failed to make provision for the one sort of trauma that makes the soul of man not only miserable and unhappy, but wounded beyond natural repair. That trauma, of course, is *sin*.

I know that Freud and his followers have a great deal to say about conscience and sense of guilt. I know, too, that they recognize the presence of moral conflicts among the other numerous stresses and strains of human living. I should even go so far as to say that psychoanalysis can help lift some of the weight and disperse some of the gloom that plunge a man into moral depression. But the most that any natural system of healing can accomplish is to dispose a person for the reception of sanctifying grace which is the only way that sin can be removed from the soul. And sin, to repeat, is the one unequivocal cause of unhappiness. Saint Paul rejoiced in his infirmities, and Saint Paul was tortured with the violence of his struggle against the flesh. He has always been a favorite target of the analysts who hold him up as an example of almost everything that human nature should not be. It's an old dodge that goes back to the first man who tried to have his cake and eat it. If Paul had concealed all those downward tendencies, he would have been abnormally shy and full of repressions; but because he was very frank about them, he was abnormally morbid.

But to get back to Freud. He had mistaken ideas about a number of things at the same time that his method was producing solid and sizeable results in the field of mental illnesses. He was master of the art of psychotherapy, and he gave us more insight into the interior of man's consciousness than any other modern mind explorer. He laid bare the secret causes of worries and anxieties and paved the way for their elimination. All this and



more he did for souls in distress, so that the human race owes him a niche in its Hall of Fame. Still, we cannot overlook his failure and that of his disciples. There was bound to be a limit to the range of his techniques, especially where natural means were set up as the solvent of supernatural difficulties. Most of man's ills are of his own making; and many of his ills can be treated successfully by a purely natural therapeutic, such as surgery or psychoanalysis. But the illness that is sin, showing itself often in the very symptoms with which the psychoanalyst is occupied, can be cured only by the grace of God. To presume otherwise is to flaunt a creature in the face of the Almighty and to blot out all distinction between the natural and the supernatural; and this, let me add, is the capital sin of the Freudians. So that until Freud is separated from his work, or until the theological figments of his imagination are divorced from the hard core of fact that he uncovered, his system must remain a threat to humanity. Making a fetish of the biological organism is just as grievous an offense as making a fetish of the communal organism. Both smell of decay; both must be a stench in the nostrils of every Christian. And when things are that dead, they can be brought back to life only by Him Who said: "Lazarus, come forth!"

### **Grace-full Peace**

Now this brings me back to what I said a moment ago: that if we want to get the true picture of the mind or soul at peace, we have to search for it in the Garden of Eden. There it first existed in all its perfection; and there it was lost. And the one thing that explains both its presence and its loss is *grace*. Peace says Augustine, is the tranquillity of order. Now there are two levels of being that have to be properly disposed of before man can be at peace. The first, of course, is the order of nature. The second is the order of grace. Each, moreover, is so disposed in the divine plan that the lower, which is nature, is perfected by the higher which is grace. With grace, in short, one has all the elements of a true and lasting peace; without it, there is no guarantee of happiness. So that Saint Thomas Aquinas was never more right than when he called peace the fairest fruit on the tree of charity. The point is that peace must first be found at home before it can travel abroad. It must be present in the hearts of individual men before it can become an ideal of social relationships.

When the Lord made human nature, He compounded it of a wide range of ingredients. These ingredients, it so happens, do not mix well. So infinite Wisdom provided a kind of spiritual catalyzer which would bring them into harmonious union. Pás-

sion and instinct were made the servants of reason; and reason, in turn, became subject to God. All this was accomplished by grace, which brought to flower, so to speak, the seeds of a heavenly order that had been planted in human nature from the beginning. Actually, of course, man was created in grace; and grace so harmonized his higher and lower powers that he remained at peace with himself and his God.

Then sin crept in to spoil the whole lovely plan and grace took leave. Now note that grace, by its entrance, did not change the essence of man; so neither by its exit did it destroy his nature. Its loss, however, left Adam horribly wounded, and the wounds were handed down to his children with the transmission of original sin. No longer does reason perceive clearly the splendor of divine truth. No longer does the will respond generously to the pull of divine goodness. And more to our purposes here, sense and instinct no longer yield swift and joyful obedience to the commands of the higher powers. From the moment of Adam's transgression, the battle between matter and spirit was on; and it remained a battle to the death. Curiously, matter has always been victor in that struggle, since its breakdown entails the departure of spirit. But whereas death is the disintegration of the body, it is only the beginning of life for the soul. Moreover, between birth and death matter is never at rest, always tempting, always tormenting the spirit. So man must be buffeted by the forces of passion and greed, of fear and repression, of sickness and psychosis of one kind or another. The seeds of insanity are sown in his very nature; and I am sure that it is often only the grace of God that keeps him decently normal.

But the seeds of insanity can also be discerned by a natural technique; and the memory of men like Freud, Jung, and Adler will always be cherished for their work in spotting these mental microbes and devising a means of dealing with them. Still, with every allowance made for their curative value, *I do not see how the tools of psychiatry can ever be adequate to their task.* Their obvious purpose is to probe the soul and heal its wounds. But the wounds of the soul came from original sin, in the first instance; and they are renewed by personal transgression. Not, of course, that mental disease, any more than physical disease, necessarily implies a state of moral turpitude. Quite the contrary! Christ Himself declared that the man born blind had done no wrong; and neither were his parents to blame for what he had to suffer. The point is, if sickness can have a purely natural origin, then surely it can be treated by a purely natural therapy. Now granting



all this, is it not also a fact, borne out by experience, that disease and excess, and therefore disease and sin, are commonly connected? And even more to the point: is it not possible that mental disease is tied up more intimately with sin than physical disease, since the mind and morals of man spring immediately from his soul? Sometimes the psychiatrist predicts recovery for his patient and proceeds to achieve it. Sometimes the decay of the body so profoundly influences the mind that the latter is beyond repair; and the only progress that can be held out for the patient is in progressive degeneration. There is a limit even to the natural therapy which a doctor can employ. How far his healing administrations, then, from that moral illness which can be healed only by supernatural means! Yet some of the material-minded Freudians have not thought it robbery to encroach even here, attempting with devilish skill to mend sinful nature, either by purging the patient of all sense of guilt, or by making a mockery of the very idea of morality.

It has always been a mystery to me how a thorough-going analyst can also be a thorough-going mechanist. Thus one of the strongest proofs of man's rational nature is the failure of his reason to function as it should. I can understand how an animal psychologist might be deceived into thinking that he had found the germs of intelligence in the antics of an ape. But I fail to understand how a psychiatrist, who would laugh out loud if asked to analyze an ape, can treat *homo sapiens* as though he had just emerged from the jungle, with the morals and manners of a primitive animal! His whole science is based on the premise that man has both insight and ideals, yet has deviated somehow from the rule of reason. Now, deviation from a mental norm often means deviation from a moral norm; with the result that the psychiatrist is faced with problems in ethics as well as problems in psychology. But no dealer in diseases of either mind or body is competent to settle issues in morality unless he be thoroughly grounded in the rules of right conduct; and this is not the case with most of the Freudians. One of the worst of their offenses, in fact, is the blundering and indelicate way in which they have handled the conscience of man.

Freud, of course, was correct when he concluded that fears and repressions, more often than not, are mixed up elaborately with matters of conscience. Abnormal sense of guilt is one of the commonest symptoms of lack of balance. Now, sense of guilt, real or imagined, can come from only one source—which is *sin*, real or imagined. The important thing from the patient's point of

view is that his peace of mind is seriously endangered by factors that arise, in part at least, within the forum of his conscience. The ideal method of treatment, therefore, would be to combine science with grace so that the resources of both would be available to the patient. Such a method is eminently practical, as I have found out by actual trial; but it demands that we keep the proper distinctions between the natural and the supernatural. This brings into focus the main features of the problem with which I am most concerned here. Perhaps the best way of stating it is to ask a simple question: what is the difference between a patient and a penitent? Or, since we are making this an issue with the Freudians, what is the difference between psychoanalysis and the confessional?

### **Psychoanalysis and Confession**

In fairness to Freud's followers, let us say at once that their comparison of the psychoanalytic method with that of the confessional is very understandable. On the surface there are some striking likenesses. Both, for example, are in the nature of a "catharsis" of fears and anxieties, of doubts and depressions. Both, moreover, make use of the "token release," though with a different goal and from a different level of operation. Again, both work on the theory that "talking out" one's problems is conducive to a healthy frame of mind. Finally, both are often followed by a feeling of comfort and freedom from tension, something like the feeling we experience after a good sleep and a warm bath. Yet with all these points of contact they differ *toto caelo*.

Thus, from the Catholic point of view, confession is part of the sacrament of penance. It is the medium by which the sins of the penitent are submitted to the keys. And when it is made with the proper dispositions, that is to say, with sorrow for wrongdoing and a firm purpose of amendment, its effect is supernatural. With the words of absolution, sin departs from the soul and grace enters in; and with sin goes the eternal punishment due to it. In short, the essential goal of confession is the same as that of the sacrament of penance: the remission of sin. To be sure, it may have other effects which are purely natural, such as I mentioned a moment ago; but the stark need of confession, for men who have sinned grievously, is the need of rekindling a supernatural fire which is dead. Now when all this is clear, it is easy to see how ignorant or misinformed any psychiatrist must be who thinks he can achieve, by analytic methods, what the priest in the confessional achieves only by a power given to him from on high.

At bottom, most of the unhappiness in the world is due to sin. Moreover, many of the abnormalities with which the psycho-



analyst deals are also due to sin. Even for normal people the problem of sin is a serious one. From the standpoint of eternity it is the most dreadful thing that can happen in time. Let me put it in its simplest terms, following the lead of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Every man is destined to a supernatural life. Every man receives sufficient grace to be saved. But fallen nature is a wounded and very sick nature. Now, granted that there is no single commandment of the decalogue that cannot be observed and no single mortal sin that cannot be avoided, to observe *all* the commandments and to avoid *all* mortal sins is quite beyond the range of fallen nature—especially over a long period of time—unless the grace of God comes to man's assistance. We have that assistance in the sacramental system, the most precious gift of God to a ransomed human race. By means of this system it is possible to repair the ravages of sin and to restore life to souls that are spiritually dead. But grace does not guarantee a return to physical health as it does to moral health, and this is where the medical practitioner enters the picture. Sickness of body or mind belongs to the order of nature, and that is the level at which it must be approached and treated. But because sickness, and particularly mental sickness, is so often associated with sin, the role of grace cannot be overlooked.

While psychoanalysis, then, can never take the place of a sacrament, it can be of aid both inside and outside the confessional: to the end that the *whole man* may be better adjusted to reality. Peace of mind for the patient must find its counterpart in peace of soul for the penitent; and peace of soul is secured only in the love and friendship of God. How unfortunate that the Freudians fail to see this sublime truth! And how much truer they would be to the genius of their leader if the findings of Freud were set down against the only background that can give them meaning: the whole-making Christian conception of man, wherein science and faith or nature and grace are first carefully separated and shown to have their own proper levels of action; and then brought together, to work and cooperate toward the attainment of an ultimate goal of happiness.

### **What Is the Conscience?**

The practice of confession is a critical point because it is the ground of so many misunderstandings with the Freudians, and because it supplies us with a convenient shortcut to the things I want to talk about in the remainder of this article. Perhaps I should add that the misunderstandings are all found in Liebman's book which has served me in this good stead: it shows most clearly

the utter opposition that must exist between Christian and Freudian standpoints on certain aspects of morality.

First of all, there is the matter of conscience, the examination of which is presupposed to the opening of one's soul in the confessional. Now, for the Christian, conscience is nothing more or less than reason, telling the sinner the difference between right and wrong. To examine it, therefore, is to take stock of one's successes and failures in the observance of the moral law, as expressed in the ten commandments. For the Freudians, on the other hand, conscience is a hideous sort of throwback to a primitive age; an infantile weakness; a dismal hangover from a series of dark and dank experiences, a hybrid entity made up of fears and anxieties, repressions and an overpowering sense of guilt.

Next, there is the matter of sorrow for sin, which is also an essential feature in every good confession. From the Christian standpoint, sorrow is so necessary that without it there can be no forgiveness of sin, no renewal of the supernatural life. From the Freudian point of view, on the contrary, sorrow has no special value as a healing measure. It is the sort of thing that can be mildly tolerated if it does not upset the patient, but must be cast out at once if it stands in the way of readjustment. As Liebman puts it, sorrow for sin is unnecessary so long as one outgrows the sinful habit; what must be retained or regained at any price is one's mental balance! Mind, therefore, not morals, must be the issue at stake. To give a new twist to the old Lutheran formula: sin as boldly as you like; only believe more boldly in the power of psychoanalysis to heal!

Further, there is the matter of resolving not to sin again. For the Christian this resolve is also an essential part of confession, and it means that with God's grace to strengthen him he will lead a more perfect moral life. For the Freudian, the resolve never to sin again is nothing short of a repression, and, like all repressions, a fertile field of mental disturbances.

### **The Church and Freud on Sex**

Take the vast region of man's sexual life which accounts for so many of his misdemeanors. Again the story goes back to Adam and the loss of primitive innocence; and no one, better than the priest, knows the bearing of concupiscent nature on the behavior of ordinary human beings. Still, his attitude toward the whole problem of sex is relatively simple. It boils down to this: sex is an instinct planted by God in man for the continuance of life on earth. In fact, it is one of the two master drives. The other is food.



but men have more trouble with the sex urge than the food urge—more trouble, that is, in avoiding serious sin.

The impulses of sex are ordained to find their outlet in marriage; and marriage, for the Christian, is marked by three special goods: *offspring*, which guarantees the increase of the human race; *fidelity*, which is a pledge of natural happiness for husband and wife; and *sacramental grace*, which raises the marriage state to a supernatural level and assures those who enter it of particular helps. Here, in the last analysis, is the reason of sex, as the Christian looks at it. Its realization in marriage entails any number of difficulties, but never insuperable ones; hardships, but never unbearable ones; a constant give and take, but never beyond the reaches of human endurance. And for those who are not called to the marriage state? Without a doubt, the grace of God is sufficient to control the pressures and drives of sex. This is a hard saying to most modern Freudians who scoff at the idea of resisting the elemental creative forces of nature. And of course it's true that even Christians do not always succeed in managing matters of sex. The ideal is so high, the approximation to it so imperfect; because the ideal involves purity of thought and word as well as purity of action.

And here we come face to face with another of the Freudian monstrosities which has to do with the so-called bad effects of suppressing sensual desires. For the Christian, deliberately to dwell on immodest images and thoughts is sinful. We have it from the lips of the Master that "he who looks on a woman with unholy desires has already committed adultery with her in his heart." And if the words of Christ mean anything at all, they mean that it is not enough that a man regulate his outer behavior. Purity, in fact, has its roots in the innermost sanctuary of the soul where knowledge and love dwell. And rightly so! Because if the main-springs of action are polluted, how can one hope to achieve an ideal of purity? Yes, this is the kind of flat contradiction that the Freudian proposes when he allows for "token release of immoral tendencies." Acknowledge in fancy what you can't have in fact. If there is any release of tension in day-dreaming about sex matters, then go ahead and dream.

Here, again, the contrast between confession and psychoanalysis is brought into sharp relief. The battle between passion and reason will go on till the end of time; and more often than not the scales will be bent in favor of passion. But to the contrite heart it is not token release but the grace of God that will open the road to final victory. Paul, too, was smitten with an almost

intolerable sting of the flesh; and the answer given to his plea for release was meant for every man: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Exactly! Nature, bogged down by sins of the flesh, can be extricated by just one thing: supernature. Man, inclined toward the abyss of sex misbehavior, can be saved from falling by just one thing: grace. Not token release, then, but divine assistance, is the Christian's reply to the primitive urgings of sex. And if confessing his failures to live up to the ideal brings in its wake a shameful feeling of guilt, well and good. Isn't this part of the picture of genuine sorrow? That it may become abnormal certainly was not in the plan of Christ when He founded the sacrament of penance; yet this is another of the objections that the Freudian raises to the confessional. One might just as well object that taking physic adds to the nausea one is already feeling; so why pile misery on misery? There is no suspicion of the tremendous change that comes over the soul of the penitent when the supernatural purgative of grace begins to work.

### Who Is Superficial?

Finally we come to the most stupid and ill-founded charge of all, from the camp of the Freudians: that confession touches only the surface of man's nature. You will find it, of course, in Liebman's book. Imagine how it must affect the devout Christian soul (and *Peace of Mind* was aimed at millions of them) to hear that the level at which the Holy Ghost operates is only a superficial one! I know that Liebman has no place in his system for the Holy Ghost; that his religion is a kind of cross between the "natural intuitions" of the Jewish prophets and the psychological intuitions of Freud; that his god is a modern version of Spinoza for whom nature and nature's Author were scarcely separable entities. But to make a charge of superficiality against a Christian sacrament that has brought more lasting peace to souls than anything else on earth, is not only a complete misunderstanding of all the confessional stands for; it is also fair proof that Freudians like Liebman, haven't the foggiest notion of the true spiritual root of peace.

And this brings me to my last point which is peace in its final perspective. I said, previously, that peace is the fruit of charity and charity, in its absolute sense, is God. Now, Love, for the Freudian, may be Eros; but for the Christian it is the Spirit of God breathing where He will, on saint and sinner alike. Long before Freud was even dreamed of; long before the dawn of the age of science, some lines were composed to the Holy Ghost. We might call them "A Hymn to the Heavenly Soul-Healer" or "A



de to the Divine Psychiatrist." The name is unimportant, but the truths they contain are of overwhelming import for sick and afflicted humanity. The Freudian who is earnest should make his business to know them, because they contain the supernatural answer to most of the disorders that trouble the mind of man. Best of all (probably the Divine Psychiatrist will smile at this) they can be given a real Freudian meaning. After a plea to the Holy Spirit to take up His abode in our hearts, they continue:

|                              |                                 |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Consolator optime,</i>    | <i>Lava quod est sordidum,</i>  |
| <i>Dulcis hospes animae,</i> | <i>Riga quod est aridum,</i>    |
| <i>Dulce refrigerium.</i>    | <i>Sana quod est saucium.</i>   |
| <i>In labore requies,</i>    | <i>Flecte quod est rigidum,</i> |
| <i>In aestu temperies,</i>   | <i>Fove quod est frigidum,</i>  |
| <i>In fletu solatium.</i>    | <i>Rege quod est devium.</i>    |
| <i>O lux beatissima,</i>     | <i>Da tuis fidelibus,</i>       |
| <i>Reple cordis intima,</i>  | <i>In te confidentibus,</i>     |
| <i>Tuorum fidelium.</i>      | <i>Sacrum septenarium.</i>      |
| <i>Sine tuo numine,</i>      | <i>Da virtutis meritum,</i>     |
| <i>Nihil est in homine,</i>  | <i>Da salutis exitum,</i>       |
| <i>Nihil est innoxium.</i>   | <i>Da perenne gaudium.</i>      |

Now let us suppose that it is some poor soul, mentally distressed, who is using the prayer. Then, with their Freudian overtones, the lines would mean something like this:

*Consoler most kind, dear guest of my soul, sweet relief from my burden.*

*Repose when my energies are spent, sedative in my periods of manic excitement, stimulant when I am chilled with depression.*

*Light most blessed, fill both the conscious and the unconscious depths of my being.*

*Without Thee, I am nothing; and everything is a source of pain and conflict to me.*

*Wash my soul, stained with filthy impulses, cool my soul, burning with libidinal desires, heal my soul, wounded by sinful excesses.*

*Relax my soul, rigid with repressions; warm my soul, frozen in melancholic apathy; dissipate my complexes that have put me outside the bounds of the normal.*

*Give Thee my trust; give me Thy gifts, thy sevenfold system of healing.*

*Lead me forward for trying, restore me to health, and in the end grant me peace and joy never-ending.*

ROBERT EDWARD BRENNAN, O.P.

# Toward Peace in the Lay Apostolate

John Cort, founder of A.C.T.U. (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists), writes a column for *The Commonwealth* about labor and kindred matters. In one of his more recent columns he bewails the fact that so many young zealots have been enchanted by the distributist-agrarian dream sired by Chesterton, Belloc, and Gill. He feels, so he says, that this primrose path to bucolic bliss has been a detour away from the nasty but practical business of Christianizing industrialism. "What about Christianizing industrialism," he asks, "since we haven't tried it, how can we say that it won't work?" Cort certainly has the right to ask this question. For ten years or more he has been devoted full-time to an apostolate for union men, sparing neither his health nor reputation in order to do a good job. He doesn't ask the question merely to make conversation. It deserves a thoughtful reply.

The temptation is to say that no one has considered Christianizing industrialism, for the same reason that no doctor has considered healthy tuberculosis, or no psychiatrist has considered sane manic depression. One condition seems to presuppose the absence of the other. The weakness of that answer, however, is that it is preposterous. It is obvious that I mean something other than what Cort means when I use the word "industrialism." There are any number of ways of looking at industrialism, and each view will prescribe its own definition. There are two views that interest me. The first could be called the "news reel" view or the *Readers Digest* view. You know how it is. You're watching the black and white figure on the screen: the Army back tosses a white blob which the eye of the camera follows . . . the ball hangs above the stadium and then gradually falls into the group of milling players, from which group emerges a lone figure trailing tacklers. . . . "He's over! The score is tie!" (Camera registers pandemonium in the stands; sound track picks up yelling and shouting.) The theatre is jumping. Everyone is thrilled. Then swoosh! New picture, new music. MINERS WALK OUT. (Pictures of miners standing still with hands in pockets, looking rather grimly at the camera.) The smooth-voiced commentator against background music describes the new industrial crisis. Then swoosh! New picture, new music; girls in bathing suits and looking ten feet tall simper toward camera, revolve gracefully and long-leg it out of the picture. . . . That's one view of industrialism; that is, industrialism as one section in the modern mosaic. Industrialism: Page 24, *Readers Digest*. Industrialism: under "I" in the dictionary or encyclopedia. Industrialism:

sm: smoke-stacks, oil-derricks, blast furnaces, C.I.O., Detroit, etc. Just like religion, as a matter of fact: under "R" in the dictionary. Religion: incense, priests, God, organs playing with tremolo top out, etc.

For the modern mind reality is a tandem train of phantasms and one section of that train is called industrialism, another sports, another recreation, and so on. Practically anyone born in this age has difficulty thinking in any other way than tandem fashion. On the other hand, our only hope is to return to the sane custom of other ages and try to see reality as all of a piece. When we try to get the all-over picture, the organic inter-relation of things, for the first time we actually see things for what they are.

### **Industrialism IS Modern LIVING**

A key to the unified view of modern American society is the fact that industrialism determines the entire orientation of society. In other words, industrialism is the explanation of what modern life is all about. Suppose we derive a definition from what we see. Industrialism is the organization of men and machines for the purpose of profit, making money. What men and what machines do we mean? We mean all machines and all men. The assembly-line worker is *the type* as he stands chained to one machine and one set of motions, but industrialism doesn't end with him. Industrialism is the subway train and its passengers, both running in, on, and for, profit. The telephone and the operator are industrialism, both functioning on a profit and loss basis. Industrialism is the movie projector, the theatre and the theatre club, organized together with the manager, the personnel and the audience. Industrialism is the newspaper with its job column and its ads, with its editors, copy writers and readers: the organization of men and machines to the end of profit.

Another definition that might make this view of industrialism clearer is the definition of the word *essence*. You may inquire, "What is the essence of modern industrial society?" Now, the essence is that thing *without which it would not be*. What is the thing without which mass-production would not be? What is the thing without which the cement beehive of humans called New York would not be? What is the thing without which General Motors would not be? What is the thing that makes Johnny rush to work? What is the thing that makes Mary choose typing and shorthand rather than French and English Lit? The answer is profit, becoming better off, getting richer, more sales, saving time (for time is money), economic gain. In this industrial society the men and machines who comprise it are organized by



means of schedules, time tables, pay checks, work hours, production methods, profit incentives, and alarm clocks, to the end of making money. That is the one explanation that makes complete sense. It is the *raison d'être*, the reason for being of industrialism.

It was because they saw the orientation of modern society so clearly that Chesterton and Belloc turned back the pages of history to the Middle Ages. They did not do so in order to escape the age they lived in, any more than the just-recovered tippler tries to recall where he was before the lights went out in order to get back. He knows that he cannot go forward until he has a fairly good idea of what his name is, why he was born, and where (in any place) he is going. As it happens, the contemporaries of the Middle Ages did know where they were going. They knew that they lived in, for, and by Christ. Though they frequently strayed from the road, they always knew where the road was, and how to get back to it. History also records the interesting fact that industrial capitalism in its early formative years had to destroy one by one the laws, customs and habits of peoples oriented to Christ before they could inaugurate institutions, laws, customs and habits orientated to profit.

To Christianize industrial society means to re-orient society to Christ, otherwise it demands the impossibility of reconciling contradictory theses. Christ will not share His throne with Profit. Way down at the end of the regal table of good ends there is a little fellow passingly respectable named Profit. He has learned to subordinate himself to his betters, to Charity, Justice, Kindliness, Neighborliness and to the giant that sits near Our Lord, The Common Good. That is the Profit which Christian men have known. Today's Profit is a jealous god. People serve other gods only after his demands are satisfied, in their spare time and on Sundays. When he is around, The Common Good, Charity, and even Christ receive only secondary or tertiary consideration, and that only if they do not subtract from Profit.

If John Cort accepts this definition of industrialism, as a society of men and machines organized for profit, then he certainly cannot say that the distributist-agrarians, or the *Catholic Worker*, or the Jocists, or *Integrity*, for that matter, have overlooked the matter of Christianizing industrialism. It would be impossible to Christianize an industrial society without considering each of the several contributions made by these groups. Neither could the process of Christianization go on without considering the apostolic efforts of Friendship House, The Grail, The Legion of Mary, organized C. A., Catholic cooperative movements, and s

many others. The orientation of the lives of these people and the works of these groups have been to Christ, and each has set about the task of incarnating its ideas in the social order. Within the body of the apostolate there have been cries of "escapist!" "heretic!" "medievalist!" "supernaturalist!" "naturalist!" "communist!" "betrayers of the workers!"—and so on. Distinctions for the sake of valid controversy are good, but they are not good if they befog the basic dichotomy of those who are against Christ, and those who are with Him. The universality of the Pope's plea for action seems to me to indicate that each group in its own way will supply from its own corner of society but one ingredient as part of the new bread of life. The Holy Ghost might justly demand the charitable acceptance of one group by the other before the effective synthesis is achieved.

### **Men and Managers**

From here on I will confine my attention to that specific area of society which I believe John Cort had in mind when he spoke of Christian industrialism, the area of labor-management activity. I cannot see how valid judgments can be made concerning problems within this area, without our first seeing it as one aspect of the entire social problem. For example, if we pursue a policy of profit-sharing and greater participation of labor in management, before we first re-orient the corporation activity to the common good, what we will be doing, in fact, is helping the workers to share in the social *irresponsibility* of the managers. Another fact to remember is that if we reconcile ourselves to the human degradation of minutely subdivided work (a condition that could not be tolerated in a Christ-orientated society), and at the same time strive for greater responsibility for the worker, we shall be trying to achieve contradictory ends. You can make this a standing rule: the more responsibility (human, that is intellectual) that the worker has, the less satisfied and the less cooperative he will be at a mass-production operation. The more a man knows about a job, the less satisfied he is to concern himself daily with but one part of the job. Thus we encounter the dilemma: how can we increase a worker's responsibility as a citizen and a Christian when increased responsibility will make him unfit for mass-production work?

### **Spread the Wealth**

The answer to that question can be given by the distributists and the Young Christian Workers. The distributists ask for a more widespread distribution of productive property (not bathtubs or video sets) so that as people are redeemed from the

irresponsibility of subdivided work they will have their own tools with which to be responsible. This does not mean that everyone will have his own shop or farm, but that new ventures will be started, oriented to Christ and the common good, and that these will not exceed a size wherein an individual worker can apply human responsibility to satisfying work. Cardinal Suhard, in his Pastoral Letter, made the point that the unit of production in our time could not be the individual workman, but the team. I think that Gill would agree that the kind of intellectual responsibility which is a first disposition to virtue is as achievable in a functional team as in a single artist. Now if this breakdown of production is to find its measure and basis in human responsibility to God and neighbor, it seems to me that the breakdown should be accomplished by small groups of workers gradually taking the initiative to start new enterprises. If we wait for the instrumentality of a large industrial council to do the breaking down (should it decide to do so), we will be subject to the same kind of ridiculous distribution of talents which characterized the armed services. The larger a body is, the less competently it distributes its parts (notice a fat man in a crowded street car). Distributism calls for intensive virtue, intensive responsibility, intensive production which is only possible in small groups whose work is comprehensible to any individual within them.

Another consideration for factory workers is that they work in factories in order to support Christian families. It is becoming increasingly difficult to rear dependents in a pagan atmosphere. The more children a man has the fewer times in the week he sees them, simply because he must put in more hours of overtime. While he is away he finds that they are being indoctrinated by the neighbors, the radio and the advertisements in the very paganism from which he hopes to save them. If such a man combines with his co-workers to work toward starting a rural community in which a Christian climate can be generated, anyone who says he is an escapist is mad. Christ Himself only took to the market-place after spending thirty years in sheltered preparation in Nazareth. We, too, need such places of retreat and preparation. Would you say that agrarianism for that purpose is irrelevant to the Christianization of industrial society? Are not the cooperative techniques developed in Nova Scotia the providential instruments for making such ventures possible?

During the whole long process of change we will have many workers who are not immediately able to get away from mass-production work. These have souls to be saved and mouths



to be fed. We must have apostles among them. Recall our dilemma however! We must increase their sense of personal responsibility as a disposition to Christian virtue, but does it not follow that increased responsibility will make them dissatisfied with the only kind of work they can capably do? That is exactly the situation that the Young Christian Workers are designed to cope with. The primary purpose of the Y.C.W. is to re-orientate the lives of their fellow workers away from the things of this world to Christ. Yes, the work is difficult, the boss is unbearable, the requirements are moronic, but are these things the source of our dignity? Let us work together for the rights of our brothers but, in the meantime, cannot we share cheerfully this small weight of Christ's cross? Do we consider ourselves above these others? Did not Christ come down from heaven to Bethlehem, dirtying and nail-piercing His hands so that He might be Our Leader? The Y.C.W. are interested in just wages, reasonable working hours, and decent working conditions *for others*; as for themselves, they will bear whatever trials God sends them. Is not this the generous Christian sense of justice that will make men ashamed of their petty longings for greater possessions? Gradually, by a process of example and indoctrination, Christian leaders can re-orient the lives of their fellow workers and in time turn the whole tide of society. Certainly John Cort didn't mean that Jocism is irrelevant to the Christianization of industrialism!

### **Industrial Councils**

My purpose in this brief article (in case you've missed it) is to point out that industrial peace must be preceded by a certain harmony among the peacemakers. Controversy is good, but not misunderstanding. In order to make this point I must invade John Cort's sphere. From what I can gather, the white hope of the A.C.T.U. and that wing of the apostolate is this thing called the Industrial Council plan. One of the brethren who has an admirable Christian sympathy for the proletariat, branded this plan (as Cort stated it) a betrayal of the working classes. I must admit as a proletarian that any coalition between the managers and the workers strikes me as one in which the proletarian will lose his one remaining ragged shirt. In keeping with my thesis, however, I shall stifle my prejudices and assume the objective air. I have endeavored to learn more about this plan but without much success. As far as I can see it is a pious wish stemming from one of the encyclical suggestions. It is to the encyclical (*Forty Years After*, Pius XI) that I turned for clarification.

The popes recognized that industrial society was divided into warring factions:

... as the situation now stands, hiring and offering for hire in the so-called labor market separates men into two divisions, as into battle lines, and the contest between these divisions turns the labor market itself into a battlefield where face to face the opposing lines struggle bitterly. We all recognize that this grave evil which is plunging all human society to destruction must be remedied as soon as possible.

It is obvious that the solution to this conflict is not a reconciliation of employers and employees, simply because such class distinctions of chattel and chattel owners is false. It is true, however, that managers and workers, to the degree that their work is to the common good, represent two valid functional groups in society. Other such functional groups would be associations of doctors, lawyers, teachers, scientists, independent shop owners, farmers, etc. Such groups would be called *orders* so as to distinguish them from false economic class groups. A confederation of such *orders* could be the basis for an integral society coordinated to the common good.

This is all quite clear in theory. In practice, however, many complications arise. The foremost complication is the one with which I began this article. Can we have an organization which is in truth orientated to the common good which does not recognize that the motive of profit is detrimental to the common good? Must not the functional groups themselves, whether they spring from management circles, union groups, or professional groups, be willing to subordinate their functional rights and privileges if needs be for the common good? Then where do we see such altruism, such generosity? It does exist in the A.C.T.U. among the leaders. It exists among the Y.C.W. groups. Can we expect to see such generosity sired within the bosoms of associations which themselves are designed for conflict, such as the N.A.M. and the C.I.O.?

Another question that emerges is whether or not the emphasis of cooperation should be placed in the economic field, since it is from that field that the disease of commercialism has spread. I think we can have no coordination of functional groups until a much greater effort is made to have the less commercial elements represented, such as writers, teachers, doctors, and craftsmen. My personal belief is that we are striving too hard to make our Christian program extensive, and not giving due regard to the

intensive indoctrination and spiritual growth upon which success will eventually depend. By lowering our standards we reach and envelop a following who will only rebel against our orientation at the *crucial moment*. If our program embraces do-gooders, part-time sentimentalists, communist haters, and patronizers of the poor, a confederation of such will be as effective to a Christian synthesis as the annual ball of the Old Ladies Navy.

Christian industrialism? Sure, we can have it—just as soon as we have well-trained Catholic actionists in every area of society quite willing to jetison every right and privilege of their class if it be for the common good and the glory of God. Their loyalty will be not to men, not to institutions, but to Christ! These men and groups, unified, will be the arterial system of a social body enlivened by the blood of Christian charity.

ED WILLOCK

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### Infant of Prague

He is the little King of Kings,  
The little Lord of Lords.  
He stands with downcast eyes and points  
Two fingers heavenwards.

I often wonder if He thinks,  
Beneath His golden crown,  
Of cold, cold nights in Bethlehem,  
In a cave beyond the town.

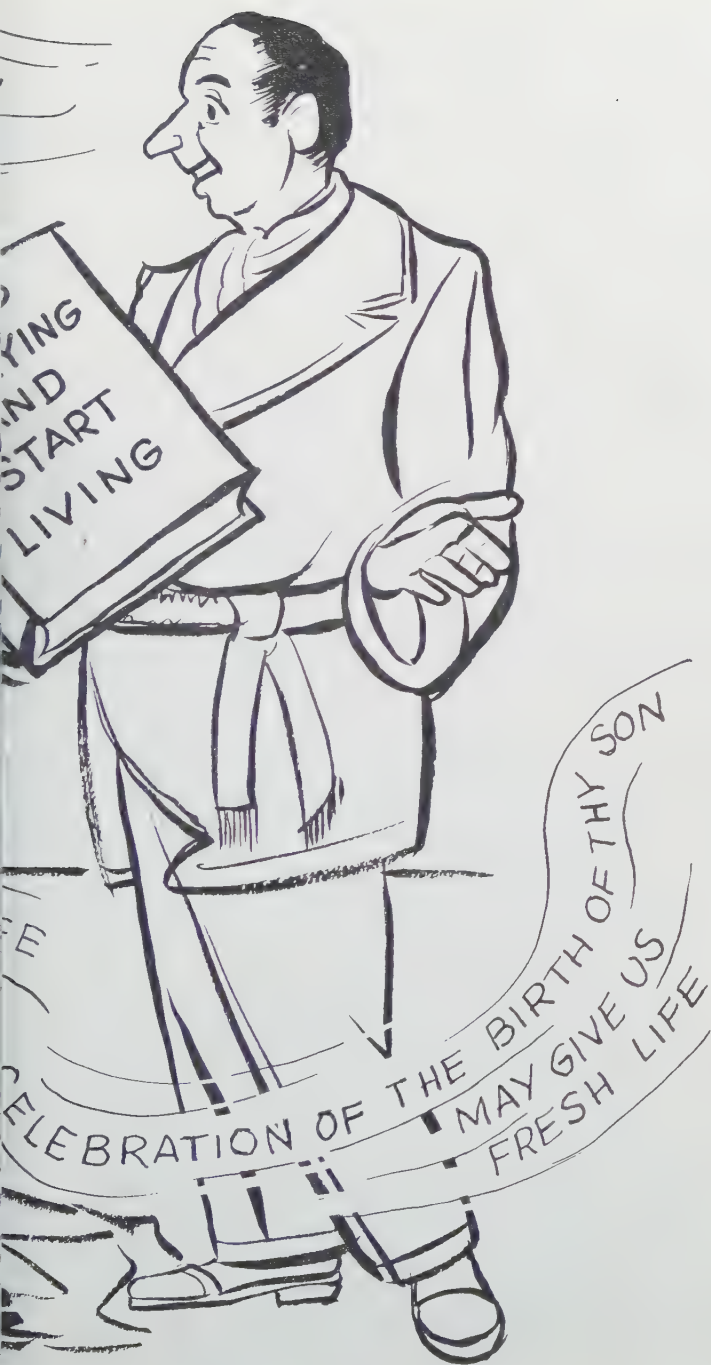
Beneath His rich-embroidered robe,  
His heart, I think, is dressed  
In the swadding clothes His mother brought.  
I think He loves those best.

SR. ST. FRANCIS, S.S.J.





*"Why, it's just w*



*"I needed!"*

# Spiritual Peace

Christian peace is a paradoxical peace. It is peace with sword. It is neither passive nor negative nor sleepy. It does not swing in a spiritual hammock, nor relax safely among friendly neighbors without an enemy in the world.

Spiritual peace for the Christian is peace with a struggle. It can be attained only by fight and must be maintained by constant warfare. It is ever mindful that "our adversary the Devil as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour: whosoever resist we must stand strong in faith."

The peace of the Christian was purchased by blood. It is the fruit of the redemption. It cost a terrible price: the life of the Son of God; and it lives in souls only because the Son of God continues to offer himself for us. This peace knows no truce with the Devil. There is fight to the finish but there is peace.

Christian peace is a paradoxical peace. Christ said "I came not to bring peace but the sword." This peace is peace in the midst of conflict. It is the fruit of defending Christ against all comers—against opinions of the world, against those whom we love. ("For I have come to set a man at variance with his father and a daughter with her mother, and a daughter-in-law with her mother-in-law; and a man's enemies will be those of his own household.") It is the fruit of rising to defend a Christian principle when it is attacked, of living a Christian life instead of staying in the swim of things, of being true to the love of God in the tiny undramatic incidents of life. It is the fruit of the willingness to be set apart for Christ, rejected or pitied or considered queer by the dearest people each one of us has.

Christian peace is a paradoxical peace. It is the fruit of conflict and victory within one's own self. It is the peace achieved by the warfare over one's own members. It is the subjection of the passions and the emotions to reason, and of the reason to God. It is the constant effort to make the body work in harmony with the soul that hears no other voice than God's. For the lion in each person must be made to lie down with the lamb. Spiritual peace is the fruit of violent scenes which each one alone can witness; of secret, deep, deadly struggles; of temptation resisted; of perishing that almost occurred but for the grace of God. Spiritual peace—interior peace—is the victory He gives us in the midst of the battle between our desires to love Him and the appealing pull of sin.



Christ lay in a manger, and Mary and Joseph prayed, and Christian peace came into the world. What a mysterious peace it was! Even at its birth it surpassed all understanding. How could anyone understand it? There had been nothing immediately preceding it to herald adequately its arrival. Mary and Joseph had jogged over crowded roads in the midst of a discontented, anxious people. They had come to Bethlehem and looked in vain for shelter. The inn-keeper had spoken sharply, and the everlasting conflict of man and man had never been so evident as on that day. They reached the stable. The field mice scampered for shelter; the donkey and oxen munched away. Then Christ was born, and peace came into the world. The angels announced it. In fact, it was the only gift, (besides that of Christ Himself) of which they told the shepherds. Then the angels left, and the shepherds visited the manger. At once there began an incomprehensible series of events. Peace! Herod's soldiers came seeking the Christ Child; they upset all of Bethlehem; they massacred the Holy Innocents; the Holy Family were compelled to flee for their lives and stay in hiding for a considerable length of time until, at the death of Herod, they could skulk back into Palestine. But even then because of their enemies they had to go to Galilee rather than Judea.

Peace. At first sight it is ironical. It is the topic of the angels' glad song, and then what happens? A series of events paralleling dreadfully the modern quarrel: war, despoilation, and consequent flight of the refugees. Looking at it all superficially it is easy to lose heart. Is God making jest of us by sending His messengers to announce a gift that never comes? Peace—and Mary is told of a sword that will pierce her heart, and she sees in Christ's eyes His future of conflict with the powers of darkness.

Christmas peace. The stillness over the earth, and the silent adoration of Mary, Joseph, the angels and the shepherds. Peace was real to them. They knew it in the depths of their souls. It was unshakeable and permanent. In a way it was almost tangible. For in the depths of their souls in faith they touched their God.

No, God was not making jest of them; nor is He making jest of us. The cynic knows no peace; everywhere for him there is disillusion and falsity. The man of faith has peace, because—we may speak so boldly—he has borrowed the eyes of God with which to see. That is the difference. Not that the one man lives in exterior tranquillity and the other in total turmoil, but that the one has faith and the other has none.

Today certainly there are enough evil and conflict in the world

to make the angels' message ring hollow. "Glory to God"—where is He? "Peace on earth"—that is a tragic laugh. And over against all this there is faith. And with faith there is hope and charity. Out of these grow peace.

May exterior peace come quickly to the world, but it will come gradually and inevitably as more and more men have peace in their hearts. To all the unhappy people of the world, to the disgruntled, the unquiet, the tumultuous, the promise of interior peace—not exterior peace—would be the greater boon if they but knew it. But men fool themselves. They always feel that a change of climate, job, wife or government is the answer. God knows better. He knows a father doesn't soothe a fretful child merely by changing his toys. God offers men peace today, the peace which surpasses understanding. He asks us to allow ourselves to be lifted to a realm beyond us, and there on the plane of His divinity to yield ourselves to peace.

Peace is the fruit of charity, and charity is never found without faith and hope. Men have so little of these three. The angels announced the glad tidings to the shepherds and they believed. With haste they made their way to the stable because they hoped. And falling down on their knees they adored because they loved. They had faith, hope and charity, and as a consequence they had peace.

Of course, it was God Who gave them these virtues. Faith, hope and charity are infused virtues; God must give them to us. But we can prevent Him from doing so, and we can cast out the three from our souls. No one can believe, hope or love of himself but by himself he can reject faith, hope and charity.

There is a way to peace today. The Babe "forever new" lies in a manger, but men must stoop low to enter therein, and they must implore God to give them the eyes of faith that they may believe the Infant is God, the shield of hope that they may have confidence that He is their salvation, the fire of charity that they may burn with His love. Then they will have peace.

"Peace I leave unto you." It is a gift He wants us to have. God does not rejoice that hearts are troubled. His grace works most surely in a heart that is serene because it is rooted in the faith and free to follow the ways of God. Peace is not a virtue so much as the fruit of virtue—particularly the fruit of the theological virtues and the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Peace increases in our souls as we increase in docility to the Holy Spirit. As He takes possession more and more of our souls, our faith, hope and love come to a new and more fruitful develop-

ment. A very real effect of His gifts in us is the consequent deepening of peace we experience. This is to be expected, because as the Holy Spirit becomes the sole force of our lives we are concerned with God and nothing else. Nothing else is capable of drawing us from Him or of causing a dual aim in us. Consequently, we enjoy a deep-rooted peace.

We are told that corresponding to the gift of the Holy Spirit which is called wisdom is the beatitude: "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Wisdom, the most lofty gift of all, is the one which gives us a profound relish for God and the things of God. In charity we share His life, and through wisdom we see everything from His vantage point. We still live in the darkness of faith (for we have to wait until heaven for light) but the vicissitudes of life, the obscurity and uncertainties are not able to disturb us. In our soul there is the depth of a peace so great that nothing on earth or in heaven can disturb it, for it rests solely on God Who is our certitude. It rises and falls with Him, but since He is unchangeable this peace is in a way also unchangeable. That does not mean the soul no longer suffers; on the contrary, the suffering may increase tremendously. But the peace of God remains in the center of the soul where He dwells.

A soul who is full of charity and the gift of wisdom enjoys then marvelous peace. It is to be expected that *peace-making* should be his especial gift. For, one who cares only for God can view everything else dispassionately and with great love. The saint is the most impartial of mediators.

One of the loveliest prophecies of Isaias is: "Behold I will bring upon her as it were a river of peace." Our Lord fulfilled that prophecy when He came to earth and gave us the life of grace which normally should overflow into the "river of peace." It is a promise for each one of us individually—a tender, yearning promise. He waits to give us this fullness of happiness, this river of peace. He wills to inundate our souls with it. It is a wonderful effect of His presence in us, that we should be lost in peace.

It is a strange thing viewed naturally, but only by letting go of the shore, and the wharf, the boat and the oars, which represent our reliance on the world, upon ourselves, all our natural and supernatural powers and everything created, do we come at last to be drowned in love. The river of peace is only for the soul who will allow the breath of the Holy Spirit to be the power to move her.

It may be observed that all the preceding remarks are ap-



propriate for those who are saints or almost saints. What about those of us who are far from floating happily in the "river of peace," who sit tight in our boats? Well, it seems to me that this is the implication for us. It is a repetition of the fundamental paradox of Christianity that "he who loses his life shall find it." We may want the fullness of peace but we are afraid to jump out of the boat. We say all we want is peace and quiet and to be normal and like everyone else. But since the only way to find our life is to lose it, the only way to find peace is by allowing our peaceful little rut to be disturbed. Becoming a saint—in fact aspiring to anything beyond mediocrity—is admittedly a disturbing thing. It's disturbing to our complacency (which is often mistaken for our tranquillity of soul). It's disturbing sometimes intellectually; it seems much more conducive to superficial peace to have the common opinions and judgments of the majority. It's disturbing to our neighbor, who finds it offensive in us that we are trying apparently to be different. Sanctity is disturbing to any of the counterfeits of genuine spiritual peace. But the only way to find true peace is to be dissatisfied with even the close imitations. And the only true peace is the one that has as its reason for being: God.

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It is a most amazing gift that the new-born Infant Christ brings: peace. In a way it is a gift He snatched from heaven, for it resembles very closely the life of the Trinity. For the Trinity lives in unity (the oneness of soul to soul is peace) and unchangeableness (peace is a stability of being, an unchanging tranquillity,) and love (peace is the fruit of charity). The sublime life of the Trinity, the endless cycle of the contemplation and love of the One for the Other, is mirrored, even though faintly, in the peace He comes to bring us.

Christ invites us to partake of this tremendous activity of the Trinity; for He came to earth and partook of our nature in order to make us sharers of His divine life. In heaven we shall behold His glory and love Him without end. On earth we suffer distractions and conflicts and disturbances. We cannot drop our sword. But beneath the rumpled surface, in our souls, He wills to give us peace. He desires that in our souls in harmony with the peace there should be the great activity of love. Christian peace is always active, and in heaven it will become more so. "*Requiescant in pace*," we say, "May they rest in peace," and unconsciously we think of people sleeping comfortably in their coffins, or perhaps up in heaven sitting lazily on some sort of vague, ethereal log. The peace of heaven is unchangeable it is true but it is not stagnant;

it is unchangeable because it is of God. It is not without activity; on the contrary it has in God the fullness of life. In heaven when we shall see God and be overwhelmed in loving Him and being loved by Him, we shall know the fullness of peace. But, at the same time, we'll be more active than we ever were on earth. We'll be swept up in "the immense theological hurricane which the Church calls eternal rest"—as Bloy put it.

But meanwhile, we are as little children. We are unable to stand such a storm. Heavenly peace and the vision of God are too much for us, so God gives us a Babe to teach us on earth the things of heaven.

He comes to give us peace. Let us not refuse His gift.

Mother of the Prince of Peace, open our hearts to peace.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS



"I should think we could at least have had a little holly around the place. After all, we're not completely irreligious!"

## "Gloria in Excelsis"

O Thou Who has given joy  
In the depth of sorrow,  
Thou Who has given the night  
The hope of the morrow,  
Thou Who has offered Thy strength  
For the frail to borrow,  
To Thee we give praise.

O Thou Who has brightened the winter  
With hope of the spring,  
Thou Who has given the rain  
The rainbow to bring,  
Thou Who has given the children  
Glad songs to sing,  
Thy Name we bless.

O Thou Who has blessed the morning  
With radiant glow,  
Thou Who has made the noonday sun  
Thy Light to show,  
Thou Who has given the evening  
Soft breezes to blow,  
Thee do we adore.

O Thou Whose beauty smiles forth  
In each spring flower,  
Thou Whom we hail as changeless  
In each fleeting hour,  
Thou Who has made an Infant  
Reveal Thy Power,  
To Thee we give glory.

O Thou Who has made all things holy  
By Thy holiness,  
Thou Who has made life sweet  
In Thy lovingness,  
Thou Who has given us beauty,  
Our lives to bless,  
To Thee do we give thanks.

ISOBEL VARNEY



# Peace and War

In the short time that has passed since the war in Europe and Asia drew to a close, we have become more and more convinced that the war did not bring us peace. Whatever state we are living in at this moment, it can hardly be called peace. It seems to be a precarious balance between war and peace; or an interregnum between an open state of warfare, and a real peace which would allow the hearts of men to become quiet and secure enough to think of reconstruction. People are beginning to call the period of today the Cold War.

If we look out at the world that has survived the most destructive war of all ages, we see on almost all fronts terrible unrest, oppression, enslavement and even actual pitched battles. In China communist armies are mobilized on a wide front to put down the legal government of the country. In Malaya communist guerillas were only put down because of the almost unexampled brutality used by outside military force. In Korea a revolution of communists attempted to overthrow the government of that country, and effected wholesale butchery of civilians in the town where the revolt was momentarily successful.

Europe shows no less fearful a picture. Three little republics where civilization and culture were highly developed, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, have lost their independence and are living in a regime of terror which is extinguishing all freedom of thought and cultural autonomy. Countless thousands of intellectual leaders of these little nations have languished and died in the wastes of Siberia.

Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Yugoslavia have all fallen to greater or less degree under the power and systematized revolutionary rule of their great neighbor to the east. In Poland a clique of quislings trained in Moscow is imposing a new system of government upon an unwilling people. In Hungary arrest is arbitrary, and such expressions of freedom as education under religious auspices, are being blotted out by nationalization of everything, including education. In Rumania a Moscow-trained lady-dictator calls the tune of the day. Rumania is now following the pattern of religious repression that was set earlier in the Russian-annexed territories of eastern Poland, when a picked group of apostates from among the ranks of the Uniat Church of the Eastern Rite, voted to return to Moscow's Orthodoxy. Recently a small group of apostate Rumanian Uniat clergy voted for the same return to Orthodoxy, and such a vote was considered valid for

the entire Rumanian Uniat Church in communion with Rome. The hold of Russia on the government of Yugoslavia seems to be somewhat in doubt, but there is no doubt that the government of Yugoslavia has employed the brutal purge methods that are characteristic of the communist ideology.

The repression of religion among the hundred million people that have been added to the Soviet sphere in these days of a precarious peace, is only one, easily-cited example of the many repressions that are visited upon these people as human beings. As the majority of these enslaved peoples are Catholics, the examples of religious repression come easily to mind. The main fact is that their rights as human beings to decide upon their fate has been taken away from them. Deportation, imprisonment and death is visited upon them arbitrarily in the name of progress and a new economic system.

### **Berlin**

Perhaps a focal point of all the unrest in the world resides now in that nightmarish collection of ruins known as Berlin. The Soviet authorities were ready to cut off food and all other supplies to the millions of souls living in this desolate and ruined city, if their demands were not met.

The countries of the West met this challenge and, at risk of life and equipment, sent food and fuel supplies to save the lives of their ex-enemies, the German men, women and children who exist in Berlin.

The example of Berlin has made many people stop and think. They find that there is the same cause for the Berlin crisis as there is for the fighting in China, the unrest in Korea and Malaya, the oppression in Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland and the other nations of eastern Europe. In fact, almost all the unrest in this war-tired world (except for the native risings against colonialism in Indonesia and the Arab-Jewish sporadic fighting in the Holy Land) can be traced to the strong positions of communist armies or outposts. These disciplined groups are ready and willing to take power at no matter what cost.

If we analyze why the communists have suddenly gained all these strong outposts, we will find that there is almost in every case a connection between their present power and certain compromises and war-made agreements of the Allies, including the United States. Whatever the causation of the matter, it is undeniable that following upon the second World War, Russian imperialism, known in this age as Marxist progressivism, has reached out from Mukden to Riga, from Sangchow to Budapest.

We have seen this happen before in our generation when Hitler and his Nazi cohorts were oppressing not only German citizens on account of race or religion, but were also dominating Europe by the sword and by oppression. Our government knew that at some time it would be called upon to rescue the persecuted peoples of Europe. It therefore prepared for war and gave active help to the enemies of the Nazi oppressors.

We are now facing a situation that is similar in some respects to that of the domination of the continent of Europe by Hitler.

The main difference in the situation is that the power of Moscow extends much farther into western and northern Europe and into the farthest reaches of Asia than did the domain of Hitler.

There is a simplification and clarification of the problem in that we can identify the same enemy on so many fronts and in so many guises. Everywhere similar slogans rise up—slogans that are sometimes ridiculous and parrot-like, sometimes terrifyingly true because they stab us of the United States and of the West in our weakest points. They remind us of our racism and of our concern for the dollar in preference to other values—but the enemy behind the various slogans and movements is one, indivisible and disciplined.

We have tried peaceful negotiation. We have tried compromise after compromise. We have tried giving away other people's territory, notably eastern Poland and special rights in Manchuria. We have tried special envoys. We have tried gifts of billions of dollars of machinery and supplies to eastern Europe and Russia through UNRRA. Those of us who believe in Christianity have tried a modicum of prayer and sacrifice. And yet, things get worse day by day. Why not put the axe to the root of the trouble while we are prepared? Why not try war again?

It would be well to examine for a moment what we gained out of World War II, a struggle waged as a just war by the United States in company with her allies. We entered the war to stop aggression; to end the persecution of minorities on the basis of race or religion; to defend the rights of individuals and of small nations; to bring to an end the enslavement of laborers in the factories and mines of Hitler's Europe; and to prevent large nations from grabbing off the territories of smaller nations.

As a result of the war, we have as much persecution of minorities as before, only for different reasons and in different geographic areas. At Yalta our government decided that slavery was not so bad after all, and we allowed German, Austrian and Hungarian prisoners of war to be used as slaves in reconstruction.



We know that our Polish allies and innocent people in the Baltic republics and other areas have been led into slavery in Siberia. We changed our minds on the rightness or wrongness of the grabbing off of the territory of small nations by the more powerful nations, when we ceded the eastern half of Poland, pieces of Rumania, and some far-off islands of Japan to Russia.

As for the wholesale deportation of people which we so decried in the Hitlerian system, we came around to thinking that that was a good idea after all. At Potsdam our government signed for the deportation of the people of German ethnic origin from eastern Europe into a Germany reduced in size and food production and in general production capacity. We did nothing as thirteen millions of men, women and children were deported from eastern Europe, including the annexed sections of Germany, into the ruins of western German towns. It is possible that among these expelled people are guilty individuals. But the expulsion was not conducted on the basis of individual guilt, but for ethnic and racial considerations.

### **War Found Wanting**

Thus it would seem to the thinking person that we have tried war once and have found it wanting as an instrument of national policy to bring justice to our neighbors. We in America entered World War II with the highest ideals that any nation could have in prosecuting a war. Yet before the war was over we had accepted the concept of total war as put forth by our enemies, and we were blithely bombing out of existence cities, towns and villages without military objectives, as well as hospitals, orphanages and schools. We used with more effectiveness than our enemies the methods of mass destruction and mass extermination of non-combatants. For every Coventry, there is a Cologne, a Dresden, a Kassel and a Paderborn; for every Rotterdam there is an Aachen and a Darmstadt.

Because of our superior technical power, we were able to destroy in a few minutes what it had taken the hand of man hundreds or even thousands of years to build up. In our zeal and sincere desire to bring the war to a close, and to bring peace and justice to the world, we have left a trail of destruction over many areas that far exceeds the amount of destruction accomplished by an enemy with less technical know-how. The trail of destruction still stands, and the ruins make bleak the face of God's earth; but the peace and justice for which we perpetrated these ruins have somehow escaped us. Flame bombing, saturation bombing, atomic

mbing, have not brought the good on the basis of which we justified their use.

Besides the tragedy of enslavement and oppression in eastern Europe that comes to us as a residue of our crusade, there is the mass need and misery in western Europe. More than a million displaced persons, refugees from the present tyranny of eastern Europe, knock on every door of the world's nations for entry. In Italy millions of men are unemployed. Young boys, orphaned and uprooted by the war, have taken to the streets to beg and steal and live by their wits. In Germany millions of children know that their fathers, drafted into war service, are slaves in Asiatic Russia or Siberia by virtue of the Yalta agreement between President Roosevelt and Premier Stalin. German mothers stand in the rain and snow for the bread ration, for the potato ration, for a little milk. Around them at all times are the staring ruins of their towns and villages. In the cellars of destroyed houses, and on the outskirts of the towns live the modern pariahs: the pellees. They were thrown out of eastern Europe, and are unwanted in Germany because they eat the bread of the hungry. Destitute and homeless, carrying all their worldly possessions with them, they add chaos and want to communities already disrupted and close to starvation.

In such desolate areas as Germany, where to keep alive is a daily and exhausting struggle, it is easy to see that the temptations to envy, to hatred, to avarice and theft, are ever-present. Every newcomer is a threat to one's own survival. It was into this desolation that the Lord allowed thirteen million newcomers to be thrust since the declaration of peace in Europe in the spring of 1945.

In France, too, and in Austria, as well as in all of eastern Europe, the war has left, besides oppression, so great a mass misery and physical and moral desolation, that the mind shrinks from contemplating it.

Why not try war again? If we tried war again, is it not possible that we would enter the war with the same high ideals and destroy a greater part of the earth's surface and of the human family, and come out with our ideals impaired and only greater enslavement and misery?

Experience shows us that this dire result is not only possible, but probable, and that what could happen after World War I, and World War II, would probably happen after World War III—at a new and untried type of tyranny would rise out of the brutality and bestiality of today's methods of war.

Some aspects of our present predicament must be considered if we are to arrive eventually at any clarification of it, or at any course of action that would lead to a solution of our present problems.

## **We Become What We Hate**

Why is it that our United States, notable in all history for its Christian view of man, for its emphasis on liberty, for its generosity, became progressively more like its enemy as the years of war progressed? Why does almost any nation after several years of war countenance acts and policies that would have seemed unthinkable before the war began?

Many Christians feel that there is a very necessary connection between the means of modern war and the progressive moral deterioration that accompanies the war. Not only the heads of nations, but the great masses of individuals in the nation, and particularly the actual combatants, become calloused to evils that would in times of peace have revolted their sense of morality. When a Catholic airman is ordered to bomb Rome, an undefended city, to disinter, perhaps, the bones of the saints and to destroy innocent men, women and children, the living temples of the Holy Ghost, what can he do? He may feel it to be wrong, but he is already "in the thing," and he obeys orders despite the outrage to his moral sense, and all his sensibilities. He may later show the results of this obedience by a breakdown, or by becoming an alcoholic.

All over Europe, and possibly in the Far East, are memorials to the useless destruction of modern mass warfare. In southern Germany is the ancient town of Freiburg; it is now only half standing, because one night, in a surprise air-raid lit by flares, over half of it was obliterated. Freiburg had absolutely no military objectives in it, and those whose lives were taken were mostly families peacefully asleep. It is said that Freiburg was bombed in retaliation for the bombing of Strasbourg, in France. How could a Christian conscience, even knowing that America and her allies were engaged in a just war, force itself to participate in such a retaliatory expedition against unsuspecting non-combatants? Someone has aptly remarked that for the victim there is little difference being thrown into the flames, as at Dachau, and having the flames thrown on him as at Freiburg or Nagasaki.

A published case history of an American bombing pilot shows how deep lies the struggle in the conscience of men who are forced into the impersonal methods of manslaughter that are part of modern war. Having just returned from a visit to his wife and



children, an idyllic visit in a quiet American town, he went back to combat duty. He was ordered to go on a bombing mission over some military objective, if it were a clear day, and the objectives could be clearly sighted. If, however, it was foggy, he was to release his bombs over the suburbs of a large town. He thought of the families living in these suburbs, families like his own, members of a greater family, the human family. He prayed for a clear day. The next day dawned murky and fog-ridden. He went on his mission and dropped the bombs on the suburbs, on the families like his own.

When he reached his base, his mind was completely blank. He remained so for many months, until a hospitalization finally revealed the source of his terrible soul struggle.

The means of modern war, then, lend themselves to impersonal manslaughter, to destruction of the lives of innocent non-combatants, to the impoverishment of countries not just for the period of the war, but perhaps for generations. The means of modern warfare are not controllable in the sense that they can destroy only what is meant to be destroyed, such as ammunition dumps, or gun-emplacements. The methods of modern warfare are so thorough that they can destroy a country not only for one war-making generation, but for the children of that generation and their children's children.

Thus it would seem that modern war is an occasion of sin for those who participate in it. Once a man is listed as a combatant, he is naturally expected to accept such assignments as the bombing of undefended cities, the participating in the blockading of countries to starve them out, the retaliatory measures of destruction decreed by his High Command.

Whether the war is just or unjust, defensive or aggressive, these methods remain the same, remain to many Christian consciences intrinsically evil. The concept of total war, so essential to the waging of modern wars, seems to many the negation of all Christian values. Once a man is engaged in a total war, it seems next to impossible for him to preserve in his soul the Christian virtues of charity, of love for friend and foe, of reverence for each brother-in-Christ as a living temple of the Holy Ghost.

Wars and contentions are the fruits of sin, but they would seem also in the modern world to be among the chief causes and occasions of sin. Armies, even after combat is over, show the effects of war on their members—in lootings, in rape and wantonness, in lack of reverence for human life. A little sidelight on the changed values one finds in armies comes to us in the

awarding of a "Unit Citation" to a battalion in our Occupied Army for having the lowest V.D. rate in the European Command. Decorations are given, then, for not contracting syphilis or gonorrhea. The incidental morality, or lack of morality, is not even mentioned.

Thus, if the methods of mass killing devised to make modern war more widespread and complete in its destruction of man and the works of man's hands, are so evil in their result that they seek to make us become more like to the enemies we despised, it might be timely and necessary for Christians to abstain from using the methods for fear of losing their immortal souls. To many awakened Christian conscience, any participation in such frightful forms of modern war's violence is precluded. Indeed they wonder if Christ is not giving them as Christians a choice of a higher way of non-resistance to evil, of non-violence, as the only alternative in a world where man is busy devising the methods of violence by which he may destroy the entire human family.

If, then, we cannot choose the weapon of modern manslaughter to defend us, what weapons are left to us?

### **The Good Weapons**

Once before Europe was threatened by armies from the East which conquered every army sent against them at Budapest, Liegnitz, and at Sandomierz. Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians met slaughter and complete defeat at the hands of inexorable invaders. This happened about seven hundred years ago when the Tartars having conquered Russia, came far into Europe and could not be stopped. A call for a crusade against the Tartars failed because the Christian princes were in disunity. A call for a crusade for prayer and penance resulted in an army of men and women and children over all Europe besieging heaven with their appeals. They felt that the Tartars had come straight out of hell because of their bestiality and brutality. With the fear of God in their hearts, the common men and women and children of Europe begged for deliverance. The gates of Europe were unlocked and the Tartars were ready to strike further into the centers of civilization. At this moment the Tartar chieftan in the heart of Asia died. All the Tartar armies were called home to their territories. Europe was delivered, and the Tartars did not return.

Prayers and confidence in God's mercy are no less powerful now than seven hundred years ago. God, Who spoke to us by His Son, has lately spoken to us by the mother of His Son. On a bleak and inaccessible hill in Portugal Our Blessed Mother came

to three weak, helpless members of the human race, children and nephews. She gave them the message that was to confound the great and powerful, the believers in force and might.

Our Blessed Lady, foretelling the evils of our tragic day, called for prayer and penance. This is the time for the foundation of a spiritual militia that will kneel before Christ's sanctuary and pray to God the Father that He not let His hand of wrath fall upon His erring children. Let us imitate the men and women and children of the thirteenth century whose prayers rose night and day, and who turned from eating and drinking, from music and from playing, to penance and prayer.

Our society is not perfect, but it has the residual attributes of a Christian community. Our opponents seem at times to have an aspect of diabolism in their hatred for Christ and for His new covenant, the Christian Dispensation. Let us pray that the leaders of Russia who are so clearly turned away from God, may join with good Christians in the life of grace while in this world, so that they may behold the face of God.

But we are asked for penance as well as prayer. Never in history was there so great an opportunity for penance and sacrifice. Our brothers and sisters, wounded in spirit and in body, call out to us from many lands. We American Catholics are blessed beyond belief with freedom of action, with shelter, with the goods of this world—and more than all else, with access to the sacraments, the bread of life for us on every altar. In the profound design of God, millions of Catholics have entered a long night, a night where Christ can dwell only in their spirit, where the sacraments can no longer strengthen their lives. For those who are living through this night, and whose prayers rising by night and day from the far wastes of Siberia and Asia may be at this moment keeping the scourge of war away from the world, we can pray. For those whose cries are for bread, and a warm garment to cover their nakedness, we can answer with the sacrifice not only of our surpluses, but of our very necessities. We can perform penances in our eating of foods so that the hungry may not go empty away in the desolate lands that have known the passing of armies. These homeless old men wandering about the roads, these fatherless little ones whose hearts are broken with separation and loss, these Rachels weeping for their children because they are not, these are the God-given occasions for our penance, and the very material of our own salvation. A spiritual militia, pouring prayers and acts of penance before the face of God, may help lead the world to peace and order.



Many of us feel that the weapons of modern war, the flame bombs and atom bombs, must be hateful to the God Who created the human family, and made every member of it a co-heir with Christ to the kingdom of heaven.

JEREM O'SULLIVAN-BARRA

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## Liberty Is Worth Defending

I was one of those who cheered Chamberlain after Munich, one of those who believed in appeasement in 1939, and in peace at any price in 1940. There were excellent precedents of popes and emperors buying off the barbarians with treasure and lands, and I was old enough to remember the other war, the wounded, the Zeppelin raids, and Northern France and Flanders flattened in the mud. I still consider all wars bestial and imbecile and preventative war the worst of all wars, since it unleashes that which it proposes to prevent. In the light of my experience since 1940 I have come to see, however, that man cannot pay more than a certain price for peace and stay morally solvent.

In 1939 people in Europe mostly felt as I did. No one wanted much to fight. The French certainly did not. When the fathers had held out four years the sons were vanquished in three weeks and taken prisoner in huge masses. They wanted war so little that there was not much protest against signing a bare armistice, and there was, in many quarters, quite a measure of relief. The Pope once said, "*il popolo lavora e non sa.*" "The people work and do not know." The people have very little time to know in this hard industrial society the right and the wrong of the wars they do not choose, the wars the politicians and men of finance choose, the wars the men "who know" declare. So the people are thankful simply to get back to the laborious business of living and give it their full attention. Living in wartime, in an occupied country, armistice notwithstanding, is particularly difficult. The

not enough of anything for everyone, even when the invaders were polite, as they were the first months, and offer the children candy and the women their seats in the bus. The French were so busy with their everyday lives that it took most of them quite a while to see that they were losing more than their crisp morning rolls and coffee. Curiously enough, it was the Catholics who had to tell them what they were losing, while the men who had talked most loudly of French honor and French glory were silent, or else began to justify collaboration with the very enemy against whom they had for so many years preached hatred and revenge.

In 1941 it was a still small voice which spoke of honor and of more than honor: a little sheet, secretly edited by two heroic priests in constant danger of death, secretly printed by printers successively captured and executed, but always doggedly replaced, secretly distributed over the whole country by men and women of whom many lost their lives. These little slips of paper which spelled deportation to any person found with one, these *testoignages Chretiens* bore witness to men of good will all over France, telling them exactly how far they could walk in the ways of their conquerors without leaving the path of Christ, just where the ordinances imposed by the victor and promulgated by their own subservient government led to mortal sin. As time went on the people could not fail indeed to see the wickedness at work in the land. But people busy with their own lives often fail to relate an effect with its true cause, and, confusing ideology with accident, attribute to a detested people the crimes they should ascribe to a detestable doctrine. The "Christian Witnesses" never ceased to denounce the extortion of confessions by torture, the reprisals on the innocent, the system of hostages, the racial persecutions, the scientific experimentation on human beings and their vivisection, as the inevitably evil fruit of an evil doctrine and warned that no Christian could abet the apostles of that doctrine without gravest danger to his soul.

Before long it became common for a man to betray his friend to save his wife from torture, or to kill himself under torture to avoid treachery, or to consent to crime under threat of death. False testimony was bought with threats or promises, and perjury was commonplace, and no man dared any longer speak his mind or tell the truth. Then there were the scenes during the racial persecutions when the Jewish families were broken up before their Christian neighbors' eyes, the men dragged off in one direction, the women in another—though both eventually to the gas chambers—and the children, with their identification destroyed, disappearing

in another. Sometimes it was possible for a Christian family to whisper an assurance to a desperate father or mother that their child would be hidden and cared for. But too often the ordinary citizen was an impotent spectator of these horrors and suffered much damage to his soul.

As I listened to the stories the refugees brought over the barbed wire into Switzerland (where I was living in safety) I understood that peace means much more than mere absence of war, and that some things are worth fighting for. And, as 1944 turned into 1945 and "liberation" came to the countries of eastern Europe, the stream of refugees from these did not diminish and the tales they told were of the same calibre as those I had been gathering from France and Italy. The Nazi terror lasted nearly five years—outside its own borders; the Soviet terror—I repeat—beyond its own borders—has lasted nearly five years more.

### Live in Terror

To live under a terror is to live in proximate occasion of sin. It is to be under the temptation to betray one's brother, the temptation to take one's life, the temptation to kill the oppressor. It is to live in a bog of untruth, a welter of hate, with murder in one's heart. It is to live in a state of servile fear which excludes the holy fear of God. Under a terror we cannot, unless we be heroic, remember that *every* man may be the temple of the Holy Ghost, for every human figure which looms up is a further residence of danger, a moving ambush to take our lives. We begin to think of those we love not as precious sources of joy but as potential arms against us, hostages, which cleverly handled by a pitiless tyranny, can draw the last vestiges of manhood from us and leave us grovelling. It is difficult here, where such horrors are still unimagined, and but dimly heard of through a fog of comfort and fictitious crime stories, to judge of what such a life can mean. It is as if a poison had been poured into every vein, artery and capillary of human society, and yet a poison so slow that it does not promise the relief of death.

It is not surprising, when we observe all this, that the Church calls liberty "the first of earthly goods," since for all but the saints the heroic exception, it is a condition of man's spiritual good. Our test of a just war must be, then, whether in the event of our defeat we should be more free or less so to lead a Christian life. (It is already hard enough to do so, God knows, in this business society of ours.) There have been wars where victory or defeat made no substantial difference to the soul. In the wars of the eighteenth century, for instance, between the still formally Christian monarchies



of Europe, a man stood to lose perhaps some economic outlet or some traditional privilege, but his really vital possessions, his home and family, his language and his religion, were not subject to destruction. The defeated had to learn some new rules, suffer some new vexations, but they could live a Christian life as well after the conquest as before. Only boundaries and titles changed, standards were fixed.

We often hear that Saint Thomas wrote of war but do not remember his words. Here are some of them: "As it is lawful for (those in authority) to have recourse to the sword in defending (the) commonweal against disturbances when they punish evildoers, so too is it their business to have recourse to the sword of war in defending the commonweal against external enemies." Hence, then, the only justification of war is the preservation of order (and the means thereto, such as liberty) and there is no true order which is not God's (for the "law and order" invoked alike by Tories and totalitarians is just a temporary tidying of a table drawer by throwing away its contents), then we may only go to war when God's order is attacked. If there is any hope that we may be permitted to live in God's order without a war, then war is madness, for it is a colossal disturbance of God's order.

### **What Have We?**

The question now is: what kind of order have *we*? Some people confuse God's order with what they mistily call "the American Way." But to many of them the American Way just means the easy way, and that, we know, is not God's way. Are we nevertheless fundamentally free to live Christian lives? Our business civilization, as we have said, makes it hard but not impossible. Although our liberty is incomplete, it is dangerously limited where color is concerned, and here and there seriously curtailed by corruption. Yet it is still liberty, although, in fact, freedom seems to be failing yet as long as it is recognized and honored as a principle its life can still be saved. It depends on us alone to nurse it back to health. We must be very careful in this matter. Our cynicism, born of the very obvious weaknesses of liberty in our time, might easily tempt us as it has tempted other peoples to deal it the death blow, a kind of mercy-murder. Sometimes in spite of this conviction I catch myself regretting that our liberty seems to be only the freedom to do those things we ought not to do and to leave undone those things we ought to be doing. But that after all is part of the essential nature of liberty as God gave it to us.

When I walk through the "heart of the garment trade" west

of Broadway and see thousands of identical rose-colored coats of arms stands propelled through mobs of frantically competing people with rapacious fleshy faces, I feel the kind of fear a man feels alone in the jungle. When I get down to the "heart of the financial district" and see the polished offices and the marble banks and the glacial quality of the calculations, I feel the horror of the mountaineer who has slipped into a crevasse and sees all around him only walls of ice. When I get into the "heart of the silk stocking section" and watch the women in the shops, and eating their salads, and see them wear their shirking on their shoulders like mink coats, and their psychiatric prurience on their faces like make-up, flaunting their egotism at their breasts like orchids, I am afraid as men were when they saw Lot's wife harden into a pillar. I am afraid and very sorrowful and wonder whether there is anything left in all those "hearts" that is worth saving. And I think of the means that were used to save the culture in the recent war. I think not only of the atomic bomb used after "peace feelers" had already been put out, but of the indiscriminate bombardment of civilian populations, and of the vicious machine-gunning of workers in the fields, of women walking along the roads, of children bathing in the rivers, in the countries both of our enemies and of our friends, and I am tempted to wonder whether the liberty that permits such disorder is worth the keeping, and whether such a lack of peace as ours is worth defending in another war.

But then I drop into a church for a quiet breath of air and find a few people praying deeply, and remember groups of people in this same city who for the love of Christ are giving their lives to the care of the sick, to feeding the poor, to the conversion of sinners, to bearing the Good News to the brokenhearted, and brotherhood in Christ to all races, and who are still free to assemble, still free to work, still free to give their time, still free to beg for gifts and to receive them and distribute them to the poor. I think of the people beyond the city keeping up the long battle to bring Christianity into the farms and the work shops and into the factories, and every remotest corner of life, and I remember that a little yeast may leaven the whole lump and that as long as it is possible to introduce that leaven it is not yet too late. Then it seems clear to me that this much, this remnant at least, is worth defending. Clear too, *that it is not peace which must be bought at any price but liberty.* And liberty not for itself and as an end but as a needful means to that peace which is beyond all price—the peace which is life in the fullness of God's Will.

MARION MITCHELL STANCIOFF

## BOOK REVIEWS

### Reality Is Harsh

#### YE GODS

Written and Illus. by Ed Willock  
Sheed & Ward, \$2.50

INTEGRITY have represented the contrast of modern life with Christian principles in the pages of *The Torch*. The protest went something like this: "Now that they have a magazine of their own why don't they confine their writing to its pages? We have plenty of good nuns and priests to tell us these things. Do the laity have to enter the arena?" The complaint of these two good women started a controversy in the pages of *The Torch* which I do not propose to continue here, save to chide them gently on their clericalism.

*Ye Gods* is a collection of some of the nasty stuff they were complaining about—which appeared in *The Torch* under the title of *The New Mysticisms*. It's a series of illustrated chats about the household gods, the graven images and golden calves of modern American people. It speaks of such things as Variety, Efficiency, Money, The Regular Guy, Bigness, Popularity, and the excuse "I Only Work Here." Its thesis is that men who do not really worship God will worship something else as though it were God, and that modern man does indeed invest everything he touches with a sort of mystical absolutism.

Just as the good women said, it's a horrid business. The drawings are anything but pretty (the one for "I Only Work Here" shows Pilate washing his hands) and the copy plows right into the subject ("As it is generally used, success is a nice word for something nasty"). I like the one about The Regular Guy best:

The Regular Guy is the man facile in all those fields that require neither courage nor initiative. He is the man maidens fancy and wives despise. He has all the lovable virtues of the child, but none of the virtues of the man. He is a man of leisure. He knows how to have a good time, likes to be called by his first name, dances well. He is charming. He dresses with studied carelessness. He practices nonchalance before his mirror. To preserve his gaiety of manner, which with him is in the nature of a vocation, he avoids responsibility. He is at home among women.

The Regular Guy is the hero of the easily satisfied. He satisfies the desire of a girl who wants in a man a mirror to reflect her own vanity. He satisfies the desire of the man who wants to remain a gay young blade—indefinitely. He satisfies the desire of the layman who expects in his priest nothing more than a smiling hail-fellow-well-met who goes around like Pollyanna doing good and clucking his tongue at evil. He satisfies the doting mother who would prefer that junior should never grow up. He satisfies the citizen who thinks it fine to be able to call the President of the United States "Harry." He lightens the lives of all those people who choose to think that life is just a bowl of cherries with whipped cream on top.

A couple of Dominican tertiaries were recently moved to protest against the sharp and harsh manner in which the editors of INTEGRITY



Anyone who has developed a strong stomach for reality through reading INTEGRITY will like *Ye Gods* and find it profitable. It will serve the very useful function of helping you see your contemporaries not as the irreligious matter-of-fact people they fancy themselves to be but as the devoutly religious members of one of the world's most superstitious and idolatrous generations.

CAROL JACKSON

## A Quiet Study

### CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

By Rev. John F. Cronin

Bruce, \$3.50

The widespread evil known as the socio-economic problem is one in which most people fall into the category of unintentioned arsonists and nowhere does there seem to be men who feel responsible or qualified to act as fire-fighters. Even if you do, by much inquiry and investigation put your finger on some man or group of men who is responsible for causing the social evils, you are still faced with the task of finding a man or group of men who is able to repair the damage and restore order to the damaged area. In a society as complex as ours which has developed from its infancy with little more than a rare and casual glance cast at the common good, the need is imperative that we create an hierarchical institution composed of men of good will, who will see to it that our social and economic enterprises serve the common good rather than win their several victories at the expense of each other and the commonweal.

A representative group from any one functional class (such as trade unions) is hardly more potent a force for reform than an individual. The only solution seems to be in a coordination of many groups, each one representing a particular functional part of the social scheme, and each intent upon turning its function to the best interest of the nation. The combined experience and good will of such a national body would provide the instrument for reform. Needless to say, such a body would not in itself constitute a reform. The goodness or badness of its achievements would depend upon the principles to which it was loyal and the means used to incarnate the principles socially.

The term Catholic Social Action as it is used in this book of Father Cronin's refers to the various techniques and efforts which are the first steps taken by Catholics in the direction of the kind of coordinated functional council which we so badly need. The writer's main concern is with the work of the priest in relation to the furtherance of Catholic Social Action. Most of the emphasis is placed upon such things as labor schools, and parochial, academic, and diocesan organizations designed to foster industrial cooperation, interracial justice, etc.

Although I sympathize wholly with Father Cronin's intentions, and am aware of the vast accumulation of ideas and experiences of which this book is a summary, I cannot help but feel uneasy about some of his implications. Except in his brief but sympathetic outline of the Jociste technique, there is little mention of the fact that our concern as Catholics with the economic order is solely due to our desire to Christianize America.

The book lacks fire, as do so many of the techniques it describes, because the practical program does not grow organically from an inspired Christian vision. It is assumed in too many cases that we must don modern spectacles so that we may share the common myopia from which our contemporaries suffer. We must go around, as it were, inculcating minor courtesies among the players in a game for which we have neither the calling nor the liking, instead of insisting upon replacing the game of natural goodness with the life of supernatural idealism.

My suggestion, which is neither casual nor disrespectful, is that much more credence should be placed in the directive of the popes, to "go to the workingman, especially where he is poor." rather than to take counsel together with the Luckmans and the Johnstons as to what is best for the uplift of the working classes.

ED WILLOCK

## The Pope and Main Street

### **FORTY YEARS AFTER**

A Commentary on Quadragesimo Anno

By Raymond J. Miller, C. Ss.R.

Radio Reply Press, St. Paul, Minn., \$2.75

fifteen years on this commentary and he has produced as intelligible a study of the encyclical and its application to American industrialism as now exists. Almost every phrase of the papal document is translated into terms, statistics, and experience that make it (as its author intended) a manifesto of effective action. If you are in Catholic Social Action, you *need* this book, believe me.

We regret that the review of this volume is belated and must be confined to so few lines.

Father Miller labored for

ED WILLOCK

## For Parents Who Are Bad Story Tellers

### **SIXTY SAINTS FOR BOYS**

By Joan Windham

Sheed & Ward, \$3.00

youngster, boy or girl, between the ages of five and nine. The saints (sixty male ones) are admirable and interesting fellows, the same as commemorated in the daily missal, but relieved of their adult grimness.

Stories are indispensable to childhood development as a good breakfast food and they are as equally hard to get. This book is just the thing for a

For the smart kid who reads, the type is of a size as to postpone the need for glasses. He will also enjoy the black and white illustrations by Mona Doneux. For those under five, after a single run in the home testing-grounds, I find it puts them asleep quite admirably.

ED WILLOCK



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